

CONFERENCE

BETWEEN A

Papist and Protestant, Concerning the PRESENT AFFAIRS

OF

London - Derry in Ireland.

Ridiculing the Sham popish Stories.

3. July. 1689

Protestant. **H**OW now Mr. Impudence! In the Court of Requests so early? Have you not read the Orders of the House?

Papist. Yes (*Goodman Assurance*) and I think a Jesuit may walk in this place with his Shoes on, without profaning *Holy Ground*: Who can read *Papist* in my Face?

Prot. Thou art indeed a Woolf in Sheeps-cloathing, so disguis'd in Wigg and Scarlet, that no man would take thee for a Shepherd of the Flock. Methinks *Newgate* would be a better Pinfold for such Pastors.

Pa. Avant *Belial*, such Cloysters do not agree with our Constitution: I love to Rove in Kings Palaces, and dive into the deepest Intreagues of State. But prethee what News from K. James?

Pro. He is at *Milford Haven* (they say) with 40000 *Macks* and *Monseurs* gutting the Oysters.

Pa. Stale, stale, I could have told thee that Ten Days ago.

Pro. What has he met with a *Lapland Witch* (as *Anaas* did at *Carthage*) that has kept him Wind-bound ever since. I thought he had bin still at *Dublin*, brooding over the *Parliament*, to see if he can bring their Addle Projects to perfection, who reckon their Chickens before they are hatch'd. I warrant thou woud'st make me believe he is at *Islington*, his Mongrel Camp drawn up about the Pond, drinking up (as *Xerxes* did) the whole River, to cut off the Water and starve the City that way. But where were gathered this vast Army, that like *Grashoppers*, cover all *Wales*? Can *Ireland* produce such an Army of invisible Caterpillars?

Pa. Friend, thou art a Fool; K. James, since his Landing in *Ireland* has Disbanded 30000, his Army consisting yet of 60000, besides the *French Butterflies*, 40000 of which he Reserv'd on purpose to Invade *England*, the Rest to Secure *Ireland* in his Absence,

Pro. If he has such an Invincible-invisible Army, why did he not take *London-Derry* first? Secure a small Garrison, before he Attempt to Invade a Kingdom.

Pa. Clemency, Clemency, which has undone him before: He has rais'd the Siege at *London-Derry* out of pure Compassion to the *Protestants*, (contrary to all our Principles;) because he will not shed *Hereticks Blood*. Alas! A little inconsiderable Rabble; We can take it when we please: We think it yet not worth our time, till *Kirk* be Landed with his New Forces; then we may Conquer with Honour, and exercise full Revenge upon that *False Scismatick*.

Pro. If you could be perswaded to believe any thing against your Interest, we are in Expectation of several Expresses to confirm his Arrival at *London-Derry*: Why have you not taken the Advantage of this Glorious Conquest.

Pa. Stuff, all Stuff; you cannot tell where he is Landed, nor to whom he is gon with his fresh Succours.

Pro. I warrant you to K. J. who is now in *Dublin*, in the North of *Ireland*, in *Scotland* and *England* all at the same time. Oh! This K. James is an Incomparable Divinity that has his Circumference every where, and his Center nowhere.

Pa. Hast thou no faith in Miracles? Can'st thou not believe that a Catholick Prince, who is but one Remove from a Deity, can be in more places then one at once? What dost thou think of *Lewis* the Great who is now at *Paris*, *St. Germans*, *Fountain-Beau*, in the midst of *Flanders*, and in the Heart of *Holland* at the same time.

Pro. If your Divinity can allow of such Miracles, while he is Feasting in *Dublin*, why should he not be at the same time Fighting in *Scotland*, or send a Considerable Army to secure his tortering Interest there.

Pa. Oh!

Pa. Oh! Unparrallied Ignorance! More blind then the Mother of Devotion. Can'tt thou imagine that if he had not been satisfied that *Dundee* had a sufficient party in that Kingdom to secure our Interest, that we had not sent Forces into *Scotland* by this time.

Pro. Yes yes. By a Miracle 'tis easie enough, if he mount his Soldiers (like *Packalless*) upon Cowl-staves; or by a Commission from the Lady *Lorret* waft 'em over in a Fleet of Cogle-Shells, or *Monfieur Gabbats* Flat Bottoms, for the *Scotch* have burnt all the Boats upon the *Northern Coast*, there is not as much as a Coal-Bark left to transport 'em. Besides *Dundee* is Surrounded by *Mackay's Army*, in the old Sanctuary of the *High-lands*, the Woods, and *Bogt*, which now is his only Refuge. And we are certainly informed that he is quite Routed now.

Pa. Where is thy fence? Banish'd with thy Reason? Hast thou not heard that *Dundee* has the most powerful Party! That *Mackay* is Defeated, and gon back to *Edenburgh* for a fresh Recruit?

Pro. All this I have heard, but believe no more of it than *Monfieurs* Landing in the *West* with 40000 Mushrooms at his heels.

Pa. Why Mushrooms *Heretick*?

Pro. Because Mushrooms in *England* are but of a Nights growth, and his 40000 may not be of a days standing. I'll sooner beleive *Macakrty* Killd the *French General Lapoo* at *Cork*, and *Tyron*, shut the Gates of *Waterford* against *Garvanier*.

Pa. Heresie! all Heresie! Thou will believe nothing but what's Repugnant to Sence, and Reason, what ground can you lay for any such difference Are not their Interest the same? Do they not Fight for the same Cause, the Subversion of *Heresie*? The *French* and *Ish* are allone, Hand and Glove.

Pro. Orange and Clove.

Pa. Leave off thy unsavory Similies.

Pro. What more savoury then an *Orange*? Oh? 'tis the Rarest Corosive for a *Jesuits* Stomach, 'twill make him Disgorge all the Popish Poyson.

Pa. Get the gon, for an Obstinate, Incredulous Scismatick,

I will have no Conversation with thee.

Pro. What? Has the Gust of the *Orange*, put your Blood into such a Fermentation, that you are all Choller upon the sudden?

Pa. I must confess, thy *Orange* and false Opinion of *Ireland*, has put me into some Disorder; Tho' (by your Leave,) I would assoon believe the *French Army* were divided against it self and that *Conde*, should joyn with *Lorrain*, against his Native Country.

Pro. I think it but reasonable, that *Conde* as well as *Lorrain*, (who were both supplanted by that Arbitrary Tyrant,) should recover their Country. It is not more Natural for a Man to Fight for his own, then for anothers Interest? Nay, there has been a Rumor as if *Conde* had designed to have gone over to the Emperour, with a considerable Army, while Mercenary *Sobiesky* alone,

takes the part of the most Christian, with the most Anti-Christian *Turk*.

Pa. A Meritorious Act, and to that of *Ireland* more Glorious; 'Tis his to subdue the Common Enemy of our Faith. For *Conde*, his Business will be to Reduce the *Netherlands* with 100 Thousand Granadiers at his Heels; you may chance to see him in *England* before——

Pro. When the Devil's blind, (Father Politick) and that wou'd make a good day for you, for then he will not see through your Disguise.

Pa. I must, (like the Preacher of the Gentiles,) appear all things to all Men, that I may attain to the knowledge of all. But what is this sudden Noise in the Lobby?

Pro. Just now his Majesty has sent an Express from Ad—— *Herbert*, acquainting the House with the Joyning of the *Dutch* and *English* Fleets at *Spithead*.

Pa. The joyning of the *Dragons-Head* with the *Serpents-Tail*, 'Twill make a wondrous Basilisk spitting Fire at both ends, against *France*, and *Ireland*, but when is this Monstrous Conjunction to be expected.

Pro. I tell thee, they are met already, and that they are gone out to block in the *French Fleet* at *Brest*, but thou that wilt not believe any thing that makes for us, how can I persuade thee to the Belief of any thing so contrary to thy Inclinations. Thou'lt neither believe *London-Derry* to be in the Protestants hands, nor *Dundee* to be Defeated by *Mackay* in *Scotland*. Nay, nor the Castle of *Edenburgh*, to be Surrendered for all the Gazettee.

Pa. Chymera's, meer Fallacies, Non'sence, and Ridiculous. Fictitious as the Legend of *Jones, don Ballianis*. Prithee tell me something that's material, something that carries a Face of Truth.

Pro. Ple tell thee then what I heard for certain, *Hunslow-Heath* is remov'd to the Borough of *Kildare*, and *London-Derry* to *Edenburgh-Castle*.

Pa. I, this is something like a Tanfy, all this is Orthodox, here is some Resemblance of Truth, for *K. 7*——s who used to have his Camp upon *Hunslow-Heath* has this Year remov'd it to the Borough of *Kildare*, and having secured *London-Derry* by the way, has Marched with his Fleet from thence to the Relief of *Edenburgh-Castle*.

Pro. How easily does the Gudgeon swallow down this Absurdity? O *Loyola*; Thou hast the very Spirit of Delusion. Nothing will go down with thee, but thy own gross Compounds. Thou swallowest Error like an *Olio*, whilst Truth like a Nettle pricks thy Jaws. On this thou mumblest like an Ass upon Thistles. If this be thy Dyet thou mayst with *Nebuchadnezar* go a Grazing, or turne one of *Pharaohs* lean Kine, that snorts at the Corn, and swallows the Chaff. Thou art enough to infect the Nation, and over-run the Town with Lyes as thou hast the World with Errors. Till thou art of a better Opinion, I will Converse no longer with thee.

Licensed according to Order.

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